

the **HS** *Annual*
1907





THE "ALRIGHT" CLOTHES

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The "Alright" Clothes Shop
for all kinds of wearables



Lowenstine's Department Store

EDUCATION ESSENTIAL TO BUSINESS SUCCESS

BY HARRY OSTRAND

A GOOD education, accompanied with good, honest work, elastic stick-to-it-iveness nerve, backbone, and a little common sense, makes an excellent foundation, a non-embarrassing capital with which any young man should be able to creditably conduct an honorable and successful business enterprise.

A common remark is that opportunities and favorable circumstances are not evenly distributed, and that the great Philanthropist who contributes these desirable commodities is partial and has not been kindly toward you. There is nothing to it. All our really great successful men had less than one hundred dollars when they commenced their business career.

As for opportunities, make them, don't wait for them. Back your push against the other fellow's pull and you shall soon have pushed away the misty cloud of imaginary impossibilities, when oceans of opportunities shall be revealed to you.

Hard work is the most essential factor, and is the prime motor by means of which all worthy success is achieved. If you can't complete a certain piece of work in ten hours, work until you do complete it. The most complicated problems, the most difficult undertakings and most practical inventions have all been solved and constructed by means of lamplight. More people suffer from doing too little work than from overwork. Do one thing. Do it as well as you can today and try to do it better tomorrow. Always look pleasant and prosperous. There should be nothing in your personal appearance or in your kind and smiling countenance to indicate that your bank account is not the largest one in town.

Never make any smart, assertive or humiliating remarks, for when you do that, you are injecting poison into your business which will cause it to die an unnatural death. You can't afford to be too independent. Good-fellowship, kind and courteous treatment, is an inexpensive but very profitable advertising medium. Be manly and frank in action and

character. If you are honest you have nothing to fear.

Honesty is the best policy at all times, but do not allow yourself to become a member of the E. Z. Mark Club.

I have made and sold Ice Cream Sodas for a long time. People of good taste and excellent judgment are among my customers. It will pay you to take advantage of my many years of experience. I made a good Ice Cream Soda five years ago. I have been improving them ever since, always keeping abreast of the times, adding modern improvements as they have been introduced, enlarging and improving my facilities and bettering my service, thereby adding to the quality and merit of my Soda.

A cheap Ice Cream Soda must necessarily contain artificial flavoring extracts, sharpened with rancid acids, sweetened with glucose syrup and other adulterations, therefore unwholesome and dear at any cost.

A Good Ice Cream Soda contains crushed fruit flavors in their natural state, sweetened with pure rock candy syrup, free from acids or artificial colorings or other obnoxious ingredients so commonly resorted to by cheap soda water dispensers.

The high quality of my wholesome and delicious "Crushed Fruit" Ice Cream Soda should not be confused and condemned with the cheap, questionable mixture sold by my competitors, who offer you as their inducements not only the cheapness in quality and price of their product, but the rude and inefficient manner in which you are served should be taken into consideration.

Compare a glass of my delicious "Crushed Fruit" Ice Cream Soda with one of my cheap priced competitors' stuff, and I shall be perfectly willing to leave it to your good taste and excellent judgment whether or not the difference in quality does not justify you to pay the difference in price.

Last year was a record breaker for me in the soda business, as I did twice the business of any previous year, and if better quality, better service, with increased facilities and an untiring effort to please and satisfy can be used as a retainer of old, tried and true friends, and a stimulus to new ones, with your assistance, if I merit your kind and appreciated patronage this coming season, I am going to break all previous records.

Your Turn! Where?

WHY WHERE THE
WHEELS
TURN, TO BE SURE.



ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES
ANOTHER,

So Turn In At
Eifler's Repair Shop.

Wheels turned out in good turning order.
Agent for the best wheels money can buy.

Bloch Laundry

Unclean!

Unclean!

"

"

"

"

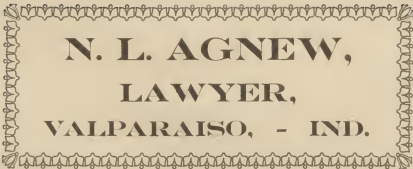
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CLOTHES
AND
LAUNDRY
MADE CLEAN
AT
"BLOCH"
Laundry

BRANCH & FEHRMAN, Proprietors

47 Main Street.

A decorative rectangular border with a repeating geometric pattern of small, interlocking shapes.

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LAWYER,
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Furniture

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A COMPLETE STOCK
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In Fact Everything to induce you to buy your

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Our Motto—"Always the Best"

17 EAST MAIN STREET

CALENDAR

OF

COMMENCEMENT WEEK, MAY, 1904.

PROGRAMME.

Commencement Exercises, Monday, May 23rd, 1904, 8 p. m. MEMORIAL OPERA HOUSE.

1. Selection— - - - -
ORCHESTRA.
2. The Miller's Wooing— - - - -
VALPARAISO HIGH SCHOOL CHORUS.
3. Invocation— - - - -
REV. L. W. APPEGATE.
4. "Beloved, It Is Morn"—*Alward*, - - - - -
GENEVIEVE FREEMAN BAUM.
5. Address— - - - -
DR. EDWIN HOLT HUGHES.
6. Presentation of Diplomas— - - - -
7. Awarding of Medal for Oratorical Contest— -
8. Selection— - - - -
ORCHESTRA.
9. Benediction— - - - -
REV. JOHN L. BEYL.

Tuesday, May 17th.

MISS BAUM'S RECITAL, CHRISTIAN CHURCH.
Class invited.

Thursday, May 19th, 8 p. m.

CLASS EXERCISES, MEMORIAL OPERA HOUSE.

Sunday, May 22nd, 7:30 p. m.

BACCALAUREATE SERMON, M. E. CHURCH,
By Rev. H. L. Davis.

Tuesday, May 24th, 8:00 p. m.

The Class will attend the concert given by the
THOMAS ORCHESTRA, COLLEGE AUDITORIUM.

Wednesday, May 25th, 8:30 to 11:00 p. m.

HIGH SCHOOL RECEPTION TO GRADUATES,
KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS HALL.

(AN EPISODE.)

By AURETTA HOYT AGNEW.

"**H**URRY, now, Margaret. We shall be only a block behind you. You must hold up the first man you meet after you hear me whistle. We'll be late to tea if you stand here much longer." The speaker was one of a group of five girls, who were talking together in the one little park that Belleville owned.

"Oh, girls! how can I! What would Miss Sampson say!" said Margaret Horton, as she looked around apprehensively.

"Hother Miss Sampson! You're at our mercy now. Do as we tell you."

Margaret was not a coward, but a natural reserve, in making herself conspicuous, held her back. She walked along for a few minutes, her eyes scanning the village street.

Suddenly a shrill whistle aroused her. The test had come! She became aware of a stalwart young fellow in outing flannels coming toward her. Here was the man! Her courage ebbed, but her pride came to her rescue and stepping in front of the astonished man she said, "Please, sir, lend me a dollar."

"My hat! Is she crazy?" he thought, but quickly banished that idea as he glanced into her clear eyes, now a little troubled. He gazed speechlessly at her for a few seconds till again the sweet voice, now filled with tears, said, "Have you the money with you? I want a dollar." He saw four girls approaching, and, wishing to save her further humiliation, he reached down in his pocket, drew out a silver dollar, and pressed it into her hand. With a hurried "thank you" and an appealing look, she moved away from him. He turned invol-

untarily to watch her and saw her join the girls who had passed them. He was more mystified than ever.

The girls hastened along the street to the outskirts of the village and entered the door of Miss Sampson's school for young ladies. Here they parted, each to go to her own room. When Margaret and her chum, Mabel Winters, reached their room, Margaret's pent-up feelings burst forth and as she threw herself on the bed she sobbed:

"Oh, Mab dear, he thought I was a lunatic. I could see it in his eyes. But he was so considerate. If I only knew who he was I'd send his old dollar back. I suppose I'd be allowed to do that."

"Now see here Marg., I'm sorry for you. I know who he is but don't you breathe a word. The girls would be furious. He's over at Green College—a senior law and friend of Bud's. Cheer up, we'll fix it."

The result of this conference was the note that Jack Stamford received a few days later. It read:

My Dear Mr. Stamford:

Here is your money. I thank you for your kindness and you will doubtless understand my action when you learn that I am a Tau Phi Kappa pledge.

Sincerely, MARGARET HORTON.

"Oh, of course I understand now," he said. "I might have known. I suppose Mabel Winters told her my name. Jove, I'd like to meet that charming young person. Wonder if I have a card to the Senior Prom. Oh, yes, here it is in this mail too. I am going to write and I can't find out sooner what she will think of me."

The note caused more excitement than he dreamed of when

he carelessly dashed it off. Margaret rushed into the room where Mabel was boning for exam, holding the note at arm's length. Her face was flushed with anger and her eyes sparkled ominously.

"Look, look," she cried dramatically, and thrust the offending bit of paper under Mabel's astonished nose.

"My Dear Miss Horton: I assure you my pleasure was great in being of service to you. May I hope to see you at the Senior Prom?" Mabel read slowly.

"Whew! you've made a hit, my lady," she remarked slangily.

"Ugh! the beast," Margaret flashed out. "To take advantage of me in this way. How dare he? Why did I write? He's very much mistaken if he thinks for a second that I'll be there."

Mabel soothed her friend's ruffled feelings and then said, "Surely Marg you don't intend to give up the Prom. We've planned on it for so long."

"Yes, I do. You can wear my new white crepe de chine," she said sadly.

No coaxing would change Margaret's mind and when, on the eventful night she saw the girls descend to the parlors in their pretty dresses, her heart sank. With swimming eyes she blamed Jack Stamford for this lost pleasure.

When that unconscious young man entered the rooms, he looked earnestly around for some one and then approached Mabel Winters saying, "Where's Miss Horton, Mabel. I hope I haven't offended her."

"Miss Horton's upstairs Jack Stamford, and it's your fault. She felt bad enough about that affair without having that note added to it all. She is awfully sensitive."

"Well, I should say so. I meant no harm and never thought she would feel hurt about it."

Jack talked and argued until he had convinced Mabel of his sincerity. They were soon plotting some deep laid scheme, laughing and talking excitedly.

"Now don't you dare tell her Mabel," he said at parting. "She is such a proud little thing."

* * * * *

Commencement was over. The girls had scattered to their different homes for a few weeks, but now about the middle of July the Tau Kaps were gathering at the Winters' summer home at Mud Lake. When Margaret arrived the girls greeted her rapturously and she was captured by Mabel and led upstairs to remove the traces of travel.

When they were alone Margaret said, "Mabel, dear, you can't guess who came down on the same train with me—Jack Stamford. Actually I met him every time I turn around. I have seen him several times in the city but he doesn't seem to mind being snubbed. You can't imagine how glad I am that he won't be here."

Mabel looked up guiltily but said nothing. She smiled, however, when Margaret said carelessly, "He is very handsome isn't he? I never noticed him much of course," and then as if to reassure herself, "I hate him heartily."

Her friend chuckled but was kind enough not to say that girls didn't usually display so much interest in men they despised.

When the girls came down stairs Mabel's brother approached saying, "I've a new man down for the week. The girls are all crazy over him but he is rather shy and I thought I'd better ask permission to bring him up."

Just then the door opened and Jack Stamford came in. Bud rushed up to him saying, "Hello, old man, so you got your nerve up old you. Miss Horton, may I present Mr. Stamford?"

Margaret turned scarlet but only hesitated a second before she placed her hand in the one held out to her so frankly.

"I'll try to make it up to you, Miss Horton," Jack said, while Mabel and her brother exchanged glances of glee. "You'll be obliged to see a great deal of me, so we might as well be friends. It's no use, you must give in."

"Yes, I must give in," she said happily, as she glanced up into his smiling eyes.

THE CLASS EXERCISES.



PROGRAMME.

1. Peasant's Wedding March—Soderman, -
VALPARAISO HIGH SCHOOL OCTETTE.
2. Address of Welcome—Class President, .
W. ARTHUR HALL.
3. My Lady Chlo'—Leigher, - . . .
V. H. S. OCTETTE.
4. Oration—Why Japan Should Win, - . .
GORDON NORRIS.
5. Oration—Specialists and Specialism, . .
ARTHUR LOUDERBACK.
6. Oration—True Philanthropy, - . . .
AURETTA HOYT AGNEW.
7. A Song of Sunshine—Thomas,
GENEVIEVE FREEMAN BAUM.
8. Class Prophecy—
FLORA COBB.
9. Selection—
MALE QUARTETTE.

10. Decision of Judges—

11. Away to the Woodlands—

V. H. S. OCTETTE.

12. The Court Scene of the Merchant of Venice—

CHARACTERS:

The Duke—	Rudolph Bartholomew
Antonio—	W. Arthur Hall
Bassanio—	Ross Brown
Gratiano—	Gordon Norris
Salerio—	Bruce Jones
Shylock—	Leigh Lawrence
Clerk—	Carl Sweney
Portia—	Auretta Hoyt Agnew
Nerissa—	Ethel Anne Gardner

WANT ADS.

WANTED—An inspiring view from the south windows.

WANTED—A tenor who can reach "Y."

CHOIR MASTER.

WANTED—A conflagration to test the mettle of the "Open Window Club."

WANTED—Some good football material for the fall of 1904.

WANTED—A more experienced detective than Billy, the janitor.

"WILSIE."

WANTED—Damages for injuries sustained by sudden contact with a glass door.

FABING.

WANTED—A row of chairs to occupy all alone during Physics.

HALDERMAN.

Adelbert Burns is one of our most promising little Freshmen. He is editor of a five-paged, red type, sensational publication entitled, "The Daily Sun."

The back row of seats has ceased to demand respect. This should not be. Heretofore the back row has been the goal which spurred on many a Freshman to greater efforts.

We fear Mr. Miller is of a very sentimental turn of mind for a married man. He seems intensely interested in Miller's Wooing and "sparking." While explaining an electrical machine he informed us that there is not so much sparking in modern times as in earlier days. A certain Senior boy winked a knowing wink at a certain Senior girl.

AN ITEMIZED ACCOUNT.

An old-time church in Belgium decided to repair its properties, and employed an artist to touch up a large painting. Upon presenting his bill, the committee in charge refused payment unless the details were specified, whereupon he presented the items as follows:

ITEMS.

To correcting the ten commandments.....	\$ 5.12
Embellishing Pontius Pilate and putting new ribbons on his bonnet.....	3.02
Putting new tail on rooster of St. Peter and mending his comb.....	2.10
Repluming and gilding left wing of Guardian Angel....	5.18
Washing the servant of the High Priest and putting carmine on cheeks.....	5.02
Renewing Heaven, adjusting the stars and cleaning up the moon.....	7.14
Touching up purgatory and restoring lost souls.....	3.06
Brightening up the flames of hell, putting new tail on the devil, mending his left hoof and doing several odd jobs for the damned.....	7.17
Rebordering the robes of Herod and adjusting his wig	4.00
Taking the spots off the son of Tobias.....	1.30
Putting earrings in Sarah's ears.....	1.71
Putting new stone in David's sling, enlarging the head of Goliath, and extending Saul's legs.....	6.13
Decorating Noah's ark and putting a head on Shem....	4.31
Mending the shirt of the Prodigal Son, and cleaning his ear.....	3.39

Total \$58.65

When he asked the blushing maiden,
Whom he wished to make his wife,
"If she'd trot in double harness
Down the rocky road of life,"
She, it seems, had no objection;
Full of gladness was his cup—
Quick they galloped to the parson,
And he straightway hitched them up.

—Rural World.

CLASS HISTORY.

IT WAS a motley array of manners and intellect that presented itself before the south door of the old High School four years ago and was allotted the seats in the rooms assigned the Freshmen. It is not a particularly distinguished class in appearance, yet what an abundance of enthusiasm and ambition gleamed from those sixty odd pair of eyes.

But what has become of that great throng? Alas! only a meagre dozen remain to tell the tale of the difficult march over the shoals and pit-falls of H. S. life.

There is nothing in this world that insures success so much as self-confidence and industry. In this the masculine element in the class showed itself to be pre-eminent by braving the trials and labors of the Latin course. Well have they been repaid for their self-sacrifice by being initiated into the mysteries of Æneas' wanderings through the lower world. And, warned by Dido's sad fate, we trust that not one of the Latin Quartette will ever be the cause of any maiden's wandering along the wild sea shore with a willow wand to waft her lover back over the sea. No. Strange to say the heart smashers are all in the English or the German course.

The life of the Freshman is not all peaches and cream. Even on the first day of his arrival some of his high ideals were shattered and his sense of importance suffered a sad eclipse by the severe administering of the initiation exercises, when the time honored barrel-stave in the hands of a sturdy upper-class man furnished amusement for all except the luckless urchins who were being initiated. Although the young ladies of the class were exempt from the indignity, they were made to feel their utter insignificance in numerous other ways. Well, let it suffice to say that they bore it with true Stoical philosophy and resolved to even up in the future.

The Freshman mind is not a well of truth and depth, but runs chiefly to fun and mischief. Although this particular class gave promise of producing some strong and original intellects, too much could not be expected of them at this time.

One little incident will serve to illustrate this. A somewhat corpulent young man was one day spied by the congregation of Freshmen, who, on the school-house lawn, were discussing with equal enthusiasm such topics as Talmage's sermons and the Corbett-Fitz bout. The subdued and pensive air of the man in question attracted the attention of the group and just as his broad back was disappearing in the doorway

they rose as with one impulse and delivered a broadside of very hard green apples, collected for such an emergency. Their well directed aim resulted in several resounding smacks on the young man's frame, and they returned to their talk well repaid for their exertion by the thought that they had made a fellow-mortal uncomfortable. When the bell rang and they took their places for devotional exercises they were astonished to see the young man on the platform, and the prayer he made for the forgiveness of sins was so personal that the several boys felt ready to sink through the floor. This lesson had a very lasting effect on some of the members and has resulted in a tendency to caution under such circumstances even to this day.

The Sophomore year was unimportant from the fact that the members of the class were rather weighed down by a sense of their importance as full-fledged H. S. students, with Freshmen under them to bully and Seniors to emulate. But when they returned to school after the second vacation as Juniors they awakened to the fact that they ought to be controlling affairs in the H. S. They organized a debating club and made the walls ring with their eloquence.

A gymnasium was next on the list of diversions and was a decided success until the officers were seized with a sordid greed for gain and embezzled the funds, thus destroying the financial standing of the organization.

The class, as is the custom, gave a reception for the departing Seniors of last year, but they showed their originality and defiance of precedence by giving a dance for those who were sufficiently acquainted with the ways of the world to participate in such entertainment, while the uninitiated were regaled with frappe and wafers.

When the class returned to school after the summer vacation they were forced to bid farewell to the scene of their early triumphs and temptations, their early joys and sorrows. The building where they had fought their way to the dignity of Seniors was to be torn down and the second story of a store building was exchanged for the pleasant High School room. But this was not the worst. When they returned from the vacation, with the honor of Senior upon their shoulders, they had to suffer the mortification of seeing the little Freshies admitted to the sacred halls of the High School. For the first time in the history of the school the Seniors were compelled to endure the ignominy of associating with boys in knee trousers, hardly old enough to be out alone after four o'clock.

Their future quarters were to be an old and dilapidated dance hall down town, which could only be entered by passing through a labyrinth of dark hallways that would baffle even a Senior if he tried to find his way out after night.

Amid all these discouragements the present class have been foremost in maintaining the dignity of their Alma Mater and are acknowledged by their associates to be the tallest, best looking, most versatile class in the school. They have furnished the largest quota of football players for the athletics, and the most numerous complement of musicians for the High School choir. Their class pins were the most chaste and unique of any that have ever adorned the breast of an upper classman. We might also mention that they cost the most.

Let us hope that in the future as in the past the class of 1904 may be first in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of its countrymen.

SENIOR-SOPHOMORE PROGRAM,

THURSDAY, DEC. 24, 1903-C'HRISTMAS PROGRAM.

- | | |
|---------------------|---------------------|
| 1. Song— | V. H. S. Octette |
| Leigh Lawrence | Rebecca Bartholomew |
| Rudolph Bartholomew | Grace Salyer |
| Genevieve Baum | Arthur Hall |
| Jennie Dalrymple | Ray Lawrence |

2. Debate— - - - Senior Class
Resolved, that the labor unions are more detrimental than beneficial to the laboring man.

Affirmative.

Gordon Norris
Rudolph Bartholomew
Lucy Ray

Negative.

Auretta Agnew
Ross Brown
George Stanton

Judges: Prof. Hugart, Mr. Skinkle and Mr. Miller.

- | | |
|----------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 3. Solo— - - - | Genevieve Baum |
| 4. Recitation— - - - | Bertha Tofte |
| 5. Cornet Solo— - - - | Ray Marine |
| 6. Decision of the Judges— - - - | Prof. Hugart |
| 7. Piano Solo— - - - | Mabel Ray |
| 8. Debate— - - - | Members of the Sophomore Class |

Resolved, that love originates in the heart and not in the soul.

Affirmative.

Mr. Snooks
Mr. Gooseberry

Negative.

Mr. Squirrel

On both sides.

Mr. Clutterchump

- | | |
|------------------------------|------------------|
| 9. Piano Solo— - - - | Myra Thomas |
| 10. High School Notes— - - - | - - - |
| 11. Solo— - - - | Jennie Dalrymple |
| 12. Recitation— - - - | Adah Maxwell |
| 13. Piano Solo— - - - | Genevieve Baum |

CURRENT EVENT CLUB.

On Monday, November 9, 1903, the members of the Sophomore class met to discuss the project of organizing a High School Literary Society.

A few days previous to this Miss MacQuilkin had distributed in the English class, some papers called the "Little Chronicle." This paper, so it was discovered, might be obtained much cheaper if we subscribed for it as a club, so the subject naturally arose of forming one.

We were not sure of just what nature it should be, but after much deliberation it was decided that we should discuss current events and the present day literature at every meeting. Our work had not yet been outlined, but with this object in view we called a meeting of the class, and finding all in favor of it we organized and at the same meeting elected officers as follows: Neil Arvin, president; Eugene Eaton, vice president; Verna Duggan, secretary; Adah Maxwell, treasurer.

At the next meeting we decided that we should be known as the "Current Event Club." The meetings were now held every two weeks and every other one was a business meeting. Before long it seemed necessary to draw up a constitution. This was done by a committee and, with a few changes, was accepted.

At the program meetings there is the usual business, reports on new books, international and local current events, music and occasionally a report on the life of some person who is before the public at present. We have had one debate which was quite a credit to the club. The question was: "Resolved, that German is more beneficial than Latin." Those on the affirmative were: Adah Maxwell, Eugene Eaton and Neil Arvin; negative: Jennie Dalrymple, Ethel Burkhart and Harry Doege. The arguments on both sides were excellent, but the judges decided in favor of the affirmative.

The membership when the club was organized was about twenty-five and now has increased to thirty-four.

The Current Event Club is not a temporary affair, but we hope to have established one which will stay with the High School. We are encouraged by the faculty, who urge us to continue the work which we have so earnestly begun.

A MEMBER.

OUR LABORATORY.

Our laboratory is not as large and extensive as some others, but it is a very safe refuge during the music period. It is used for various purposes; however, among the most important perhaps is as a place of torture—and amusement. Very likely I should not have mentioned "amusement" as that is such an odd apparatus to have in a laboratory.

Our laboratory (I like to call it "our" because everything *we* have is so grand and mighty) has two cupboards and a set of shelves with expensive apparatus—why some of the things *we* have in our laboratory are worth five dollars (\$5.00). Some of the electrical appliances really take a great brain to thoroughly understand (*we* understand them thoroughly).

Among the various things which *we* have in *our* laboratory are, a piece of wax, two (2) pair of scales and an air pump "which leaks." Oh yes, I forgot, we have a tin pail in which we carry water (it don't leak). With this very extensive paraphernalia it can readily be seen that we are capable of carrying on very complicated experiments.

Chief of the really fine experiments *we* have performed is the one in which a piece of paper is rubbed between the arm and the body after which it sticks to the wall by reduction.

Would that every school had such a laboratory.



Four little Freshmen have gained some notoriety by leaving their "foot-prints in the sands o' time;" or, to be more explicit, their handwork on the polish o' the desks. They were compelled to obliterate these marks of talent with sand paper and varnish. According to the modern theory the faculty, instead of suspending them, should pat them on the heads and murmur, "Good lads, do it again; a wonderful evidence of genius." And then in the far future the faculty could pride itself that it had given the first encouragement to these great sculptors or wood-carvers.

Prof. Skinkle—"Wood, how much time do you put upon your Algebra?"

Wood—"About two hours, I guess."

"Yes, I understand," said Mr. Skinkle, as he picked up the Algebra and glanced over the pages covered with Mr. Dooleys and Foxy Grandpas.

Feb. 7, prima luce—Soph. stuck in mud at Cook's Corners—"Oh, that I had the wings of a dove to fly home to breakfast."

This is not a fairy story,
Nor a fable gray and hoary,
That I tell you as I look you
Squarely in the face.
When a freshy's in a pickle
You may gamble every nickel,
There's a wise and pretty woman
Some where in the case.

Is the high school in a flurry?
Skips the senior in a hurry?
Does the meek and quiet junior
Swiftly fall from grace?
Be he great or be he lowly,
He will understand quite wholly,
That some learned little woman
Will see about his case.

THE HIGH SCHOOL ANNUAL

EDITED BY THE CLASS OF 1904

EDITOR,	RUDOLPH A. BARTHOLOMEW
Associate Editors:	Auretta H. Agnew, Gordon B. Norris
BUSINESS MANAGER,	ARTHUR E. LOUDERBACK
CLASS PRESIDENT,	W. ARTHUR HALL

THE NEW BUILDING.

Much detail in describing the plans of the new building would require several pages of our Annual and in the end might not be interesting to the readers. We will therefore endeavor to make this account as brief as possible and leave out such items as the measurement of the windows and the height of the doors.

In the basement is to be the long desired gymnasium, which will measure 52 by 90 feet, and is to be divided, one side for the boys and the other for the girls. The ceiling will be high enough for basket-ball, while the width of the room will insure ample space for a bowling alley. It will be completely equipped with all kinds of training apparatus. The athletic enthusiasm of the students will probably make up for any deficiency in equipment, however. If the pupils of the future will but make athletics a success (along with studies) it will add such a spirit to the school as will soon crowd the assembly room with students and raise the V. H. S. to a new standing among our neighboring high schools. On the same floor there will be two science rooms, a manual training room, a fresh-air room and the heating apparatus.

The first floor will be divided into ten rooms for the grades. The departmental work of the seventh and eighth grades will be carried on here. All will be fitted up in the most modern and convenient style.

The second floor is to be occupied by the high school students exclusively. The assembly room will accommodate two hundred fifty. One feature of the plans for this room we especially admire, and that is this: the platform will be 18 by 30 and raised enough to be admirably suited to entertainments. The coming juniors can no longer furnish an excuse for dismissing their seniors unbanqueted. In addition to the assembly room are seven recitation rooms, the library and the superintendent's private office.

In the attic our superintendent is contemplating a laboratory where the untutored chemistry student may compound chemicals at the risk of the skylight only. The janitor is also thinking of keeping pigeons up among these rafters.

A new system of heating is to be installed which does away with most of the radiators, although some are required for extremely cold weather. The cold air enters the basement, passes over radiators where it is heated and thence through stacks to the different rooms. In this way the air is kept pure, as all the oxygen is not burned out before it is used.

FINIS.

However glad the seniors may be to have completed the course and receive their honors, we cannot help regretting that it is not our lot to enjoy coming blessings. EDITOR.

OUR SPEAKER FOR COMMENCEMENT.

Edwin Holt Hughes, our speaker for commencement, is the new president of DePauw University. He was born in Virginia in 1866 and is thirty-seven years of age.

His first college work was done at the Ohio Wesleyan University, where during his senior year he took the Ohio State prize in oratory, and later the interstate, defeating with other contestants the DePauw orator. Graduating from the Ohio Wesleyan, he entered the Boston School of Theology, from which institutions he now holds the degrees L. L. D. and Ph. D.

In the New England Conference, for eight years, he filled the pastorate of the first Methodist Episcopal Church of Malden, Mass., the largest church in New England. He was serving in this capacity when chosen president of DePauw. Dr. Bashford, the popular president of Ohio Wesleyan University, closed his nomination speech for Dr. Hughes with these words, "Were I about to die, and my board of trustees should ask me to nominate my successor, I should nominate Edwin H. Hughes."

Drs. D. M. Wood of this city and C. E. Bacon of Indianapolis were designated to go and see Dr. Hughes. The visit of these gentlemen resulted in his unanimous election to the presidency of DePauw. Dr. Hughes is rapidly becoming a favorite in Indiana, and his choice as president is meeting with universal approval.

CLASS WILL.

Know all Men by these Presents, that we, the Class of Naughty Four, of the Valparaiso High School, being in good health of body and sound and disposing state of mind and memory (notwithstanding our violent mental efforts of these four years) and being desirous of settling our worldly affairs while we have strength and capacity, do make and publish this our last will and testament, hereby revoking and making void all former wills by us at any time heretofore made.

First. We direct our executors, hereinafter named, to pay all our just debts and funeral expenses from our personal property not hereinafter disposed of.

Second. We give to the Juniors our back seats, our Physics note books, our stable of ponies and all we die possessed of.

Third. We give to our friend and landlord, George S. Haste, all the superfluous hot air we may have on hand to be distributed in the fall as Miss Benny may direct.

Fourth. We give to the Sophomores all the holes in the matting to be used at their discretion.

Fifth. We give to the Freshmen any obnoxious odors which may arise *ab inhumatis rodentibus*.

Sixth. We give to our flat-hatted friend, Lurton K. Halderman, the hole in the southwest corner of the H. S. room to be used for peanut shells and apple cores for which he has no other use.

Lastly we appoint Hon. Ray Adams and Supt. A. A. Hughart our executors.

In witness whereof, we have hereunto set our hand and seal, in presence of the persons whose names are subscribed.

(Signed) NAUGHTY FOUR (L. S.)

Witnesses:

Wm. Schumacher,

Laura Jones.

Subscribed to and sworn before me this 23rd day of May, 1904.

EUGENE SKINKLE, J. P.

(My commission expires May 23, 2000, Q. E. D.)

20th Century Leap Year Club.

This club is known as the Valparaiso Leap Year Club and the membership is limited to the teachers in the public schools of Valparaiso. No questions are asked as to age, politics or religion. The only oath required is to support the constitution, promote the espousal of its members at any cost, and add to the ex-membership.

The officers shall consist of president, vice-president, corresponding secretary, treasurer, grand lecturer, sergeant-at-arms, right guard, left guard, traveling solicitor, and such committees as the president may appoint.

The following is a list of the officers:

Estella Diefenbaugh—President.

Blanche Spencer—Vice President.

Nellie Power—Corresponding Secretary.

Pearl Miller—Treasurer.

Rebecca Pierce—Grand Lecturer.

Fannie McIntyre—Sergeant-at-arms.

A. A. Hughart—Worthy Patron.

Eugene Skinkle—Right Guard.

E. S. Miller—Left Guard.

F. A. Reece—Traveling Solicitor.

Advisory Board	{ William Freeman,
	{ L. M. Pierce,
	{ Dr. J. R. Pagin.

COMMITTEES.

WOULD LEAP: Rebecca Schenewind, Myrtle Gettys, Margaret Beer, Nona MacQuilkin, Leona Appleby, Louise Winslow, Mabel Benny, Ida Jones.

ANTI-LEAP: Elizabeth Patton, Bess Stinchfield, Julia Carver, Laura Pagin, Minnie McIntyre, Olie Wely and Mary Deegan.

SOON-TO-LEAP: Lillian Perry, Nellie Parks, Ruth Quatermas, Sadie Sweney, Letta Landis and Lillian Smutzer.

Ex-members: Mrs. Beth Benny Ellis, Mrs. Grace Louderback Hughart, Mrs. Estella Lewis Ray, Mrs. Rose Drago Pierce, Mrs. Kate Stoddard Jones, Mrs. Margaret McGregor Lytle, Mrs. Rebecca Bartholomew Lestenberger, Mrs. Kate Gregory Billings.

The Prize Oration: TRUE PHILANTHROPY.

AURETTA HOYT AGNEW.

Imagine, if you can, a narrow alley reeking with filth; men, women and even children pouring in and out of the gambling dens, saloons, thief's cellars and pawn shops on either side; and foul vapors rising from fish-stalls and fruit-stands that line the street. A crowd of ragged boys, on their way to spend their pitifully small wages at a low class theatre, rush past, filling the air with curses and blasphemies. Here, piled up into the smoky, choking air, is a mass of dirty, poverty-stricken tenements, teeming with people whose daily lives are unwritten tragedies. The people exist, merely exist, in these places, not *live* in any sense of the word.

We can, with difficulty, imagine the life of people in this condition, yet such is the picture we are given of London slum life in Charles Kingsley's novel, "Alton Locke." A picture of the most appalling sights is painted for us, of homes devastated, the fathers and sons slowly dying in dense atmosphere of sweat shops or wearing their lives away in a vain attempt to care for their wives and babies by daily piece work; of mothers and daughters starving to death. It is not in London alone, nor at this particular time that we find these districts of squalor and wretchedness, for in all ages and in all places men have striven to correct these deplorable conditions.

"Social Equality" has long been the cry of the promoters of socialism. Away back on the Nile river, five thousand years ago, the ancient Pharaohs were declaring for equality. They built many structures for the betterment of their people and some tribes excluded criminals from their boundaries. Over in the land of art and beauty Plato encouraged indepen-

dent thinkers and spent many years of his life in an attempt to introduce reforms into the courts of despots. He taught that *vice* is *ignorance* and *virtue* is *knowledge* and that if men can be made to see and recognize the good, they will do it. Justinian, the great Emperor of Rome and founder of Roman law, instituted reforms that were of great benefit to his people. He made wise laws and built churches, aqueducts, convents and bridges for them. In our own time the names of Robert Owen, Fournier and *Saint Simon* stand foremost as the advocates of social reform. They founded the first infant schools in England and France and introduced shorter hours into factory labor.

But not until the time of Arnold Toynbee, in the latter part of the 19th century, had *any one* arrived at a reasonable conclusion for solving this great problem, but he knew that this democratic and unchristian condition of the poor laboring classes and criminal classes could be bettered not by giving alms, but by intimate association with them and by brotherly love. Appalled by the depth of wretchedness and sin in the slums of London, he turned the power of his wealth and the thirty years of his life against the force which was crushing the lives of thousands of men, women and children. This man, accustomed to every luxury, with naturally refined tastes and the best education that England's universities could offer him, went down into the heart of this district and with a few faithful followers made a home there. The new project was begun and before his early death he saw his work bear fruit and yield a plentiful and rich harvest of good.

From this beginning the movement has spread all over

the world and especially to America. In our own country this so-called Social Settlement work has been wonderful and at the present time there are eighty-four settlements of this kind distributed over the large cities. The ones in which we are chiefly interested are those in Chicago, of which the Chicago Commons and Hull House are the most notable.

In Chicago there are many foreigners who constitute the most unfortunate element in large cities. They do not speak our language, do not become acquainted with our customs and it is little wonder that they take no interest in the welfare of the country. They do not make intelligent citizens and have no higher ambition than to keep under shelter and to obtain food. The children have no education or pleasure of any sort and the families live in the midst of the vilest filth and squalor.

It is in such a district that Graham Taylor, who wishes to aid these people not by a division of wealth exactly but by a division of talent and an equal share in happiness, began his great work. At first a small house was rented for the settlement home, but as the plan prospered a large brick building was erected. There Taylor brought his family and friends, who are aided by willing helpers from the colleges. In this, home clubs were formed for men, women and children. The children were the first to be interested and kindergarten classes were formed. As always a little child leads and so through their children the fathers and mothers were reached. Clubs in economics and politics were formed for men, clubs in cooking and sewing for the women, and dancing, literary, musical and gymnastic classes for the young people. Lectures and socials fill many of the evenings and picnics at the parks or into the country are arranged for the holidays.

The work is essentially for the upbuilding of the home. An excellent example is furnished for the people in the settlement home and the manner in which it is conducted. Books

and pictures are loaned for weeks at a time to beautify the homes of many unfortunates. A Flower Society has been formed to encourage the growth of flowers and pride in home surroundings. Prizes are given for the best kept yards, most beautiful garden spots or window boxes in the crowded tenements. The good accomplished is unlimited not only in the way of sanitary improvement, but also as a moral help: for the people must find it easier to keep in that way that leads up to light with beautiful flowers and growing plant life on either side rather than if it were bordered with broken beer bottles and rusty tin cans.

Miss Jane Adams, at the Hull House, carries on this same work, but perhaps on a larger scale. Her work in the cleaning of the streets is well known and no one in the city of Chicago has a wider influence over the poor and unfortunate than this quiet, unassuming little woman.

One cannot say enough in praise of these self-sacrificing men and women, who, as ministers and teachers, voluntarily give up all hope of personal preferment and use every talent which God has given them to rescue these people and teach them the joy of living and the love of work. They devote their lives to the brothers and sisters of those "who have ended in desperation, drunkenness, starvation and suicide because no one would take the trouble of lifting them up and enabling them to walk in the path which nature had marked out for them." John Ruskin says, "It is nothing to give pension and cottage to the widow who has lost her son, it is nothing to give food and medicine to the working man who has broken his arm. But it is something to use your time and strength to war with the waywardness and thoughtlessness of man-kind." It is a mighty war waged by this army of soldiers, armed with the greatest of weapons—love, and fighting with their weaker brothers and sisters as allies against those awful foes, vice and ignorance.

The Team of "Naughty Six."

By W. ARTHUR HALL.

"Chicago, Chicago, Chicago go, go Chicag, go Chicag, go Chicago go," rang into the cold, gray sky and echoed and re-echoed from bleacher to bleacher as their occupants fairly went wild yelling, shrieking, and waving pennants. A mighty battle was about to take place, the fiercest of the year. The wind whistled and howled; all the elements indicated a life and death struggle.

The day for the annual battle on the gridiron between Chicago and Michigan had arrived. Michigan had the best team in her history and Coach Stagg's proteges had survived the season without a defeat. It had been a long time since Michigan had suffered defeat at the hands of Chicago, but the Maroons had sworn vengeance and were prepared to fight till death.

All eyes were turned toward the north gate of Marshall field as the first Maroon players entered. The excitement grew intense. The people arose to their feet as they watched their favorites silently march to the battle field. Yell after yell rent the air, but suddenly a stillness passed over the crowd as the last player wearing a white sweater with a red V entered. He was a new player, unknown to Chicago rooters. This quiet spell lingered only a minute, then the team was given one last, grand ovation as it passed through the wire gate onto the gridiron.

The wearers of the Maize and Blue were already on the field so the two teams lined up for the last struggle of the year. The referee blew his whistle and the game was on. Chicago received the kick-off, started the ball down the field and went to within seventeen yards of Michigan's goal. The fight was hard and fierce for a long time, with little advantage to either side.

The first half was almost up and Michigan grew desperate. It seemed as if an immovable object was in contact with an irresistible force, but Michigan kept hammering away until Chicago finally began to weaken. Her full-back, who had been hurt by a severe blow in the head during the fore part of the game, was playing poorly. The Maroon's goal was in immediate danger. Could they hold out until time was called was the question. Only two more yards and all would be over. Silence held the west bleachers, while the east went wild. Only one more yard. Could it be possible for Michigan to gain it before time was called? No, once luck had favored Chicago and time was called with defeat staring them in the face.

Affairs looked gloomy for Chicago as the second half was about to begin, but consternation prevailed among her supporters as the boy in the white sweater appeared in the

role of full-back. "Who is he?" and "Where did he come from?" were the questions, but no one knew. Nevertheless they gave him a loud applause as the two teams lined up for action.

Almost breathless, they heard the shrill note of the whistle as it announced the final and death struggle of the day.

The new man in the white sweater did not make many gains in the first fifteen minutes of play but he was game to the core. The two teams kept up a hard line bucking near the center of the field, but it was the same old story. Michigan began her march again. With a bloody nose, the new full back was playing desperately, and not until the "Yost Machine" had almost gained the coveted goal did he show his best fighting form. With new life and vigor he started from Chicago's five yard line and by line-plunging carried the ball to the middle of the field.

The rooters went wild and for blocks could be heard that old yell, "Chicago, Chicago, Chicago go, go Chicag, go Chicag, go Chicago go." Could victory be possible? It seemed almost too good to be true.

The referee announced only two minutes to play to the captains as their respective teams were struggling in the center of the field. Something phenomenal must be done. Trembling and bleeding the new full-back started toward Michigan's goal. Onward he plunged, down after down passed with Michigan's goal in danger. Fifteen yards to gain and the time almost up; "14-64-87" rang from the quarter-back as he passed the ball to Valpo's full-back of '03, who plunged through Michigan's line, hurdled over their goal defender and planted the pig-skin between the goal posts amid cheer after cheer, as the Chicago rooters clung to each other and wept for joy.

Graduates of 1904.

RUDOLPH A. BARTHOLOMEW

BRUCE L. JONES

W. ARTHUR HALL

AURETTA HOYT AGNEW

GENEVIEVE FREEMAN BAUM

FLORA C. COBB

GORDON BENNET NORRIS

CARLTON H. SWENEY

H. LEIGH LAWRENCE

ROSS M. BROWN

ETHEL ANN GARDNER

ARTHUR E. LOUDERBACK

FROM THE COLLEGES.

Bloomington, Ind., Apr., 1904.

Editor HIGH SCHOOL ANNUAL:

And, through the ANNUAL, to all who have the success of the V. H. S. at heart, I am glad to comply with your request for a description of the university and its work, although if I should undertake to do the subject justice I fear I should overtax the capacity of the ANNUAL and crowd out even those very entertaining and necessary articles, the advertisements.

Indiana University is located on the Monon railroad at Bloomington, a very old town with many characteristics of the South. In the next year however, we are to have a railroad directly to Indianapolis, and even now the students walk out to see the workmen do the grading, very much as the normal students walk out to the cemetery at Valparaiso. The university is regarded as the State University in other parts of the state more than in the northern part. It is the goal toward which most high school students who have not already reached their limit are looking at the time of their graduation. And no matter what the line to be followed is, the university offers its aid without tuition, in languages, history, mathematics, science, law, and medicine.

The campus is fifty-five acres in extent, covered for the most part with the natural timber. There are five large buildings, and ground is now being broken for the largest one of all. Besides these, there are two gymnasiums, a power plant, a heating plant, and a pretty little stone observatory.

The chemistry department occupies two and one-half floors in Wylie Hall, and has twelve separate laboratories, besides store rooms, scale rooms and a room for the office library. I just figured up and found that it would take four years, doing this work alone, to finish all the work offered in the chemistry department. This includes theoretical and practical work of every sort, the equipment is ample for all they undertake, and eight professors and assistants are at hand to help the student in every way.

The department of physics is equally well equipped and

has the advantage of a new building. The work is divided between two departments, physics and the department of mechanics and astronomy. Here also the work offered would take the student's entire time for four years if he so desired. Of course this is not expected, the idea being to allow each one to select as nearly as possible what he wishes. Many go out from these departments to fill positions in other colleges. The special pride of the head of the physics department is his first-year work, and he is certainly not excelled anywhere in the quality of the work and the method of presentation. To quote the head of the chemistry department, who is perhaps a little jealous: "That physics lecture room is a regular palace." The chemistry lecture room, which has been through one very bad fire, is not at all palatial; but when they had some pictures taken recently for the St. Louis exposition, it was some satisfaction to the chemistry professor to find that the photographer had, as he said, "made the chemistry room look like a palace and the physics room like 30 cents."

The plans for our own laboratories in the new building are not yet completed, but it is the desire to profit by the experience of others as much as possible, and to do the work in such a way that, no matter where the student goes afterward, that work will not need to be done again. To do this, the best laboratory equipment obtainable with the funds at our command is to be supplied. If possible, I want to have a physical laboratory in the basement and a chemical laboratory in the upper part of the building, in addition to a regular recitation room.

But about athletics, well that is Indiana's pride. Her teams always have to be beaten first by some little college, and then they start out and win from nearly everything that they tackle. The regular gymnasium work, football, base ball, in-door and out-door track meets, all are entered upon with an enthusiasm that is absolutely irresistible. On state occasions the band is usually present, and at such good stroke the strains of the Indiana song swell out and are caught up by the entire student body. It is little one cares if

the voices, worn by prolonged yelling, rasp like the filing of a saw by the time they reach for the last time the closing lines of the chorus:

"She's the pride of Indiana,
Hail to old I. U."

F. A. REECE.

The efforts of the editors of the ANNUAL to improve that publication deserve the approval of all who have the interests of the school at heart. In past years but little attention has been given to this paper, which should be one means of indicating the growth of the school, and I am sure most of the graduates would be glad to be of some assistance in accomplishing that purpose.

In some respects a college course is not unlike a whole span of life. It has its beginning with the thrill which new life brings, its intermediary period during which many things can be accomplished, and its end in graduation. The life in a large university resembles the life in any community. The new-comer subjects himself to its customs, enters some field of work, strives for success and is given credit for what he accomplishes. But the analogy fails in this striking particular, that in college the interests and aims of all are nearly identical. At no other time in one's life does he associate with so many people of his own age, sentiments and purposes. It is to this community of interest and condition that the strength of college friendships can be attributed. Nor is it surprising that a large body of young people so situated should be frequently overcome with enthusiasm, which many people do not approve, yet it is doubtful if more generosity toward fault and eagerness to reward merit can be found any where.

The University of Michigan catalogue presents courses which it would require over one hundred years to complete at the maximum number of hours' work. How futile must be the attempt to obtain a comprehensive education in four years is apparent. In this limited time the student merely touches the high places, but if his time is well spent he acquires the college man's chief asset—an enlarged capacity for future work.

Very sincerely,

FRED CRUMPACKER.

A man's life and growth are marked by periods. From the cradle up to the time he gets too old to be interesting there are periods that stand out in his memory like green patches in a barren field.

Perhaps the days when he was "a barefoot boy" "down to the old swimmin' hole" are dearer and more fraught with cherished memories than any other, but the one bright patch that grew after he was no longer a youth is that watered with the joys of his college days.

It is useless to harp on the pleasures on the athletic field, the fraternity, class competitions, college politics, etc., we see them all minimized in our high school days.

It is useless to renumerate the advantages of college training in connection with the various trades one may assume in life or to repeat the advantages of brain discipline even in digging out the translation in the well worn old volume of Anabasis, but if I could leave this one point I would think my article had fulfilled its mission; namely, a college life throws one in contact with a well bred, well-mannered class of people whose aims are high, whose purpose is true, whose determination is sure.

A daily contact with such people will surely influence him in their direction. I say then, should he utterly fail in his studies, take no interest whatever in athletic or social life, if he only associates with his fellows he has not wasted his time. He will begin to realize that it is good to live and be an individual, that he is a bundle of possibilities to which ambition furnishes the tools with which determination unites the bundle.

No man can by day dreaming make himself a Cæsar, a Napoleon or a Webster, yet if the man be ambitious and such be his theme it is good for him to indulge in such a pastime.

College life imparts rightful day dreams and college training imparts the means of seeing them come true, and as the bigger the cage the happier the bird so the larger circle a man may have lived in, in this little pent-up world of ours, the happier the man when he comes to die and looks back on a life lived for living sake, the memory of which is an easy pillow for his death-bed and a lasting gift to his posterity.

Young man, unless the most adverse circumstances prevent you, go to college.

PROF. KNOX A. BOUT.

MY PHILOSOPHY:



I aint, ner don't p'tend to be,
 Much posted on philosophy;
 But there is times, when all alone,
 I work out ideeas of my own.
 And of these same there is a few
 I'd like to jest refer to you—
 Pervidin' that you don't object
 To listen clos't and rickollect.

I allus argy that a man
 Who does about the best he can
 Is plenty good enough to suit
 This lower mundane institute—
 No matter ef his dailly walk
 Is subject fer his neighbor's talk,
 And critte-minds of ev'ry whim
 Jest all git up and go fer him!

It's natchur! enough, I guess,
 When some gits more and some gits less,
 Fer them-uns on the slimmest side
 To claim it aint a fare divide;
 And I've knowed some to lay and wait,
 And g'it up soon, and set up late,
 To ketch some feller they could hate
 Fer goin' at a faster gait.

The signs is bad when folks commence
 A findin' fault with Providence,
 And balkin' 'cause the earth don't shake
 At ev'ry prancin' step they take.
 No man is great tel he can see
 How less than little he would be
 Ef stripped to self, and stark and bare
 He hung his sign out anywhere.

My doctern is to lay aside
 Contensions, and be satisfied:
 Jest do your best, and praise er blame
 That follers that, counts jest the same.
 I've allus noticed great success
 Is mixed with troubles, more er less,
 And it's the man who does the best
 That gits more kicks than all the rest.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

Chapter I: "What is your name, little boy?" asked the teacher.

"Johnny Lemon," answered the boy. And it went on record on the roll.

Chapter II: "What is your name?" the high school teacher inquired.

"John Dennis Lemon," replied the boy. Which was duly enrolled.

Chapter III: "Your name, sir?" said the college dignitary.

"J. Dennison Lemon," responded the young man who was about to enroll himself as a student. Inscribed in accordance therewith.

Chapter IV: "May I ask your name?" queried the society editor of *The Daily Bread*.

"Jean D'Ennice Le Mon," replied the swell personage in the opera box. And it was duly jotted down.

"These college boys beat me," said St. Peter, as he locked the gate for the night.

"What's the matter now?" queried the man who was being fitted with a pair of wings.

"Why, I let in a batch a while ago and they no sooner got in than they began to pitch quoits with their halos."

Mark Antony's Oration Over Caesar.

[From "The New Shakespeare."]

FRIENDS, Romans, Countrymen! Lend me your ears;
I will return them next Saturday. I come

To bury Cæsar, because the times are hard
And his folks can't afford to hire an undertaker.
The evil that men do lives after them

In the shape of progeny who reap the
Benefit of their life insurance.
So let it be with the deceased.

Brutus hath told you Cæsar was ambitious.
What does Brutus know about it?
It is none of his funeral. Would that it were!

Here under leave of you I come to
Make a speech at Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me;
He loaned me five dollars once when I was in a pinch,
And signed my petition for a post office.
But Brutus says he was ambitious.
Brutus should wipe off his chin.

Cæsar hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Who broke rock on the streets until their ransoms
Did the general coffers fill.

When that the poor hath cried, Cæsar hath wept,
Because it didn't cost anything
And made him solid with the masses.

[Cheers.]

Ambition should be made of sterner stuff,
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious.
Brutus is a liar and I can prove it.
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown

Which he did thrice refuse, because it did not fit him quite.
Was this ambition? Yet Brutus said he was ambitious.
Brutus is not only the biggest liar in the country,
But he is a horse-thief of the deepest dye.

[Applause.]

If you have tears prepare to shed them now.


[Laughter.]

You all do know this ulster.
I remember the first time ever Cæsar put it on;
It was on a summer's evening in his tent,
With the thermometer registering 90° in the shade;
But it was an ulster to be proud of,
And cost him \$3 at Marcalus Swartzmeyer's,
Corner of Broad and Ferry streets, sign of the red flag.
Old Swartz wanted \$40 for it,
But finally came down to \$3, because it was Cæsar.
Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through;
Through this the son-of-a-gun of a Brutus stabbed,
And, when he plucked his cursed steel away,
Good gracious! how the blood of Cæsar followed it!

[Cheers, and cries of "Give us something on the Panama treaty." "Hit him again," etc.]

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts.
I am no thief as Brutus is.
Brutus has a monopoly in all that business,
And if he had his deserts he would be
In the penitentiary, and don't you forget it.
Kind friends, sweet friends, I do not wish to stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny,
And as it looks like rain,
The pall-bearers will please place the coffin in the hearse,
And we will proceed to bury Cæsar—
Not to praise him.

—R. W. Criswell.

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RICHLOW BRAND COFFEES
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and you will use no other.

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Sundaes* THE BEST EVER

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
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